UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

A Mid-Summer Editorial

By SYDNEY STRONG

A Picture of Austria

By DOROTHY WALTON

Nationalism in the East

By DALJIT SINGH SADHARIA

Because They Stood for Labor

By GEORGE H. SHOAF

VOLUME CV NUMBER 21

Chicago, August 4, 1930

PUBLISHED BI-WEEKLY

UNITY

(Established 1878)

Subscription, $3.00 Per Annum

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE Pamphlet Mission FOR FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GANNETT, St. Paul.
JENKIN LL. JONES, Janesville. C. W. WENDTE, Cincinnati.
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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 85 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBERTS, 85 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. SUNDERLAND, 85 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
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UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 12, 1929, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

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Unity Publishing Company
700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Contents

EDITORIAL— Page
Notes 323
A Mid-Summer Editorial—SYDNEY STRONG.. 325
ARTICLES—
Repression and Tyranny—*J. Ramsay MacDonald* 323
Parables of War and Peace—XVI. An Examination Paper—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES..... 327
A Picture of Austria—DOROTHY WALTON.... 327
Nationalism in the East—DALJIT SINGH SADHARIA 329
Because They Stood for Labor—GEORGE H. SHOAF 331
POETRY—
Remember Sacco-Vanzetti and Free Mooney and Billings:
Sacco-Vanzetti—HENRY GEORGE WEISS..... 330
We Are an Army Marching—LUCIA TRENT 330
To Sacco and Vanzetti—VINCENT BURNS.. 330
Free Mooney, Framed!—RALPH CHEYNEY.. 331
THE STUDY TABLE—
Jews on the Land in Russia—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 332
An Essay in Church History—A. A. G..... 333
CORRESPONDENCE—
August 27th—International Peace Day—LYDIA G. WENTWORTH 334
An Appeal for Mooney and Billings—LUCIA TRENT 334
Democracy and Representative Government—HERBERT S. BIGELOW..... 334
As Others See Us—J. M..... 335
THE FIELD—
Statement of India—Fellowship of Reconciliation 335
Labor Sunday Message, 1930—Commission of Federal Council of Churches..... 335

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CV | MONDAY, AUGUST 4, 1930 | NUMBER 21

REPRESSION AND TYRANNY

"A power of expression habitually enjoyed tends to develop a habit of mind in the Government which regards all effectively troublesome criticism as sedition, and it allows a Government which is always partly responsible itself for seditious conspiracy to avoid its own share of the blame and impose the whole upon the shoulders of its opponents. As arms make for wars, so the possession of coercive powers makes for tyranny. The power and policy of repression do not make for tranquillity, but repression—and nothing more."

—J. Ramsay MacDonald (1911-12).

Let us look at Elihu Root's remarkable statement in his letter to Ralph M. Easley on the "red" menace, and see what it actually means in the perspective of history past and future. Here is an elder statesman of tried ability and world fame, and what does he say when confronted by the Communist agitation? He confesses that he sees in this country "an assault made by secret means . . . aimed at the destruction of our system of government." What does he recommend in the way of defense against this so-called "assault"? The creation of a special body of federal police, to hunt and arrest and punish, we presume, the men and women in our midst who are believed to be actively and dangerously opposed to the existing order of things. This is simple—so simple that it brings instantly to mind the state of affairs in Tsaristic Russia before the War! Here also was a nation which felt itself endangered by "an assault made by secret means . . . aimed at the destruction of (its) system of government." Here also was a federal or national police, with all the familiar equipment of detectives, spies, *agents provocateur,* secret tribunals of justice, prisons, exile, and death, which was organized with the express idea of hunting down and destroying all enemies of the established order. Elihu Root's mind, in other words, functions precisely like the minds of the former Tsar and his ministers. Without a qualm he would transform our American government into a tyranny which would tolerate no opposition in word or act. It is this sort of thing which gives significance to the story related by Owen Wister, in his current book on Theodore Roosevelt, of how he asked Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge one day how long they gave this democratic Republic of ours to last, and the reply was "fifty years." Mr. Root, if he had his way, would destroy it in as many days. But this distinguished statesman, for all his unquestioned ability, is not to be taken seriously on such a subject as this. He is an old man, shocked into terror by the Bolshevist revolution, and it is not to be expected that he can counsel wisely.

There is so much sheer stupidity and prejudice on the bench in this country, so much to stir wholesome "contempt of court," that we feel an almost indescribable sense of elation whenever a judge says or does anything that is just, wise, magnanimous, or even just plain decent as between man and man. A recent incident in New Jersey is so perfect in its way that we cannot refrain from sharing it with our readers. This is especially satisfying, may we say, as having to do with a Communist at just this time when the "red" mania is threatening to break out again with all its old-time virulence. It seems that a certain Communist, Harry Gold by name, was driving to a Communist picnic. Hailed by a soldier from Camp Dix, he picked him up and gave him a lift, and in addition lent his guest a quarter. Then, in the exuberance of his heart, he began talking Communism. Whereupon the soldier called for an officer, and handed over his gracious host to the police! Gold was promptly thrown into prison, held there four days without bail, and at last was released only when his attorney, failing to secure a writ of *habeas corpus* from any New Jersey judge, applied successfully to a federal judge. This judge, Runyon by name, faced by the prisoner, took occasion to make some remarks, as follows:

> "Irrespective of what the conversation was," he said, "it seems to me, and I think it seems to the District Attorney, that your situation is not one that demands the treatment that has been accorded you. I want to say to you frankly that it seems to me you did two kind acts. You gave a man a lift who wanted it and gave him a little money because he wanted it. That may be Communism, but if it is I think it is a very admirable brand of Communism to share your belongings with somebody else. I can only say, sir, that I hope you can look with kindness on government in general." And again: "I don't take it that this government is designed to throttle a man's ideas or to close his mouth. I believe that free speech is just as much today an incident and a principle of this government as it ever was. I believe you have the right to express your ideas as and when you please as long as those ideas so expressed are not designed to undo and destroy our government."

If we had the power, we would give Judge Runyon the Congressional Medal, the Nobel Prize, two or three LL. D.'s, and a bust in the Hall of Fame. How splendid, in a world composed largely of morons and luna-

tics, to find one man with a little commonsense and human kindliness!

With all this talk, and righteous talk, going on these days about money expenditures in political campaigns, we marvel that nobody is raising the question as to money spent by William Randolph Hearst in his more or less personal campaigns for this or that candidate or issue. For the talk on this vital question these days is by no means limited to official campaign committees. It includes outside and non-official organizations like the Anti-Saloon League, the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, etc. Why not, then, a man like Mr. Hearst? How much money, may we suppose, did this millionaire put into the Illinois primary campaign; and how much more, directly and indirectly, is he preparing to put this fall into the Illinois election? Who is paying for the nation-wide radio "hook-ups" in which such a politician as "Jim" Reed, of Missouri, has recently been featured?. Mr. Hearst is the owner and controller of a chain of great newspapers which belt the country. He has unlimited financial resources, which he is ready to spend lavishly in support of causes which suit his whims and fancies. Just now he is fighting Prohibition tooth and nail. He is also fighting with an insane fanaticism the London Naval Treaty and the World Court. Does it mean nothing to have this furious propaganda going on day and night? Is not this propaganda a vital factor in political campaigns; is not its source money; and should not the amounts of this money be known? Mr. Hearst has for years been a sinister figure in our American life. Defeated in his determination himself to be president, he now uses other and scarcely less potent methods of controlling the nation's destiny. It is time that this man was brought from under cover—his purposes made known, and his methods analyzed. We commend to Senator Nye and his committee the idea of including William Randolph Hearst in their investigation of the Illinois situation.

Mention of Mr. Hearst brings to mind the recent big *coup* pulled off by this journalistic demagogue in the financing of his properties. It is well known that certain of the William Randolph Hearst newspapers are enormous money-makers—the New York *Evening Journal* and the Los Angeles *Herald,* for example. It is also well known that others of his papers are handsome losers—the New York *American* and the Chicago *Herald-Examiner,* for example. In purchasing new publications, as well as in carrying his unsuccessful enterprises, Mr. Hearst has accumulated debts freely estimated at $60,000,000, most of this in bonds which of course carry air-tight legal obligations. Now Mr. Hearst has consolidated eleven of the biggest money-makers among his journals into a corporation known as the Hearst Consolidated Publications, Inc., and has issued 7 per cent stock in an amount of 2,000,000 shares to be sold at $25 per share. Four hundred thousand (400,000) of these shares are graciously "reserved for officers and employees," to quote the published announcements—which means in these days of unemployment that the Hearst employees either buy the shares allotted to them, or else "get out." Even so, this might be a good thing as one more step in the direction of sharing ownership and control of industry with the workers, were it not for the fact in this case that Mr. Hearst attaches "no voting rights" to the stock thus magnanimously reserved for his employees. The same holds true of the other 1,600,000 shares offered to the public. All shares, by the way, can be bought back "up to $30 per share." Fifty million dollars of the capitalization "is reserved for the exclusive purpose of redemption of . . . the outstanding bonds of the subsidiaries." Which means that Mr. Hearst is making over his bond indebtedness into a stock indebtedness, with no surrender of voting privileges, and with full right to dissolve or liquidate at a limited figure. This is American finance at its best, or worst! One knows not whether to be the more incensed at the man who works this game, or at the law which allows it. In this case, of course, the State of incorporation is Delaware, which has long been a disgrace to the American Union as the "free-for-all" of industrial buccaneers and financial high-jackers.

The retirement of Tchicherin from the Soviet foreign office removes the greatest European statesman since Lenin. This amazing man, born of one of Russia's princeliest families, master of world-culture and many languages, intimately familiar with history, philosophy, economics and the accepted ways of statescraft, became the foreign minister of the revolutionary republic in the days immediately following the Bolshevist upheaval. During all the terrific years that followed from 1917 to 1930, Tchicherin held control—

> With Palinure's unaltered mood,
> Firm at his dangerous post he stood;
> Each call for needful rest repelled,
> With dying hand the rudder held.

We saw him in 1922, in the Soviet embassy in Berlin. Even then he looked like a man more dead than alive—worn, haggard, stooped, infirm—and it was freely prophesied that his brilliant associate, Litvinoff, who now succeeds him, would at that time soon step into his place. But the great man, his mind blazing like a beacon within the shattered tower of his body, has held on, meeting in crisis after crisis, the ablest politicians of Britain, France, Italy, America, and beating them all at their own game. Taking office at a time when his nation was racked with revolution, swept with starvation and disease, and ringed around by the armed forces of a dozen alien enemies, he steps down leaving his government among the most stable, powerful, and respected (or feared) in all the world. If there is any

justice in history, Tchicherin will take rank among the greatest foreign ministers of all time. Litvinoff we saw on our visit to Russia in 1922—we came out of Russia on his train! An able, but a less responsible and masterful man, he has had long and wide experience in the service of his chief during the last decade, and takes office in times far less trying and dangerous to his country. He can be trusted to "carry on" successfully.

The death of General Von Bernhardi on July 11th last removed another of the most famous figures of the World War. But Bernhardi was famous, be it said, not because of anything he did himself, but only because of what his enemies did with him and for him. In 1911, this distinguished German military officer wrote a book called "Germany and the Next War." There was nothing remarkable or exceptional about this book. It was just the kind of book that militarists of all countries in Europe were writing in the first decade of the century. Bernhardi argued that Germany was ringed around with enemies, that a next war was certain, and that the nation should arm itself to the limit to protect itself against attack. The whole book was utterly commonplace—and insufferably dull. We remember to this day how dutifully we attempted to read it, and how ignominiously we failed to get through its pages. Incidentally the volume had a small sale in Germany and attracted little attention. Then in 1914 the War came, and the Allies had to make out a case of German aggression. Some unusually clever propagandist hit upon this Bernhardi book. It was translated, or rather mistranslated, in a pirated edition, and distributed like a spring rainfall over all the Allied countries and the United States. Here was documentary evidence of Germany's conspiracy against the peace and safety of the world! Here was revealed the whole Teuton policy of precipitating a war and conquering mankind! Of course, it was nothing of the kind. But few read the book, those who perused its pages did so with bloodshot eyes, and in a few weeks the name "Bernhardi" was all that was necessary to prove Germany's guilt. It was the first and in some ways the most successful of all the propaganda devices of the war period. It worked, as so many other disreputable lies of the kind worked—and in all probability to the end of time, in our part of the world at least, Bernhardi will be remembered in a vague sort of way as the author of the mailed fist. Thus does truth fail to keep pace with falsehood!

A Mid-Summer Editorial

There are four subjects—yea, five—on our editorial hook, which we are incited to bring to the minds of the readers of UNITY.

(1) The first has to do with the weather. When we were a little boy, people had the custom of talking about their aches and pains, even showing their wounds. Job set a bad example in showing his sores. Today this custom is no more. Here, Christian Science comes in for part of the credit. Now the habit of talking about the weather occupies the stage. We have spent the most of two years in New York City. We would put down as the most annoying feature of this most inspiring city not the noise but the eternal, running comment on the weather which usually takes the form of complaint. If one could with his ear take in from overhead the dominant note arising from the great city it would be one of complaint about the weather. It is a decidedly bad habit. It affects the whole temper and value of the city's activities. Even the press is poisoned by it. We like the words several times repeated running around the ceiling of the Brick Presbyterian Church: "Let all the People Praise Thee, O God." That is a good key-note for all that is high and holy. Here is a statement that sums up our opinion: *Complaint about the weather is treason against the government.* Only makes the situation worse!

(2) On our editorial hook, what about Prohibition? "Watchman, what of the night?" We have both an opinion and a conviction about Prohibition. Long ago in Ohio, we gazed upon some women in the village who were kneeling on the walk in front of a saloon, praying that the "liquor man might go out of business." We know the men who started the Anti-Saloon League in Oberlin. It was "born of God." We attended many mass-meetings led by Frances Willard and others, with the slogan, writ large over the platform, "For God and Home and Country." We have watched the struggle against drink in villages, in towns, in counties, in states—seen the battle go this way and then the other way—high license, low license, local option, state prohibition—and it has always after long struggle come out the same way—Prohibition. Nothing else would work so well; nothing less satisfy. Our whole country is now going through the same process that we have seen to be true of small units of population. The press, as now, has always been against Prohibition. Some men like Mr. Morrow have always come forward—moral men, able men, but without spiritual perception—offering some "practical plan," but always the plain people have found that they were blind leaders. We are really sorry for Mr. Morrow, for no man who cannot see the unwisdom of state control will ever receive (he was nominated, in UNITY, for president over two years ago) the highest confidence of the American people.

But, "watchman, what of the night?"—for it does

look dark. Did you see a gleam flash across the sky recently? One woman in New York put out of existence a neighboring speakeasy. That's what is going to happen when the battle goes hard. The women have not yet started to fight. There will be crusades, and *crusades,* and CRUSADES by the women, if they get aroused. The women of the land will never consent to having hell-holes legalized. *Put that down!* Neither will the men when they get aroused. But, we hang our head with shame for the masculine part of the human family that seems to like to make sport of good men and women who are praying and working for a sober and pure generation. It's the hog wallowing in the pen! The dawn for a secured Prohibition may be some time ahead, but it is coming! We are grateful in this for President Hoover.

(3) The third subject, Why monuments? Why memorials? Why canonization? We confess to inwardly rebelling against them all. The ancient Hebrew possessed a spiritual insight that forbade images to deity at least. Monuments are generally raised and memorials established by those who are without the virtue they would celebrate. One who walks around Germany, France, Italy, England, sees images, statues, memorials, and comes to feel that he here sees an explanation of inherent weakness in the people. Canonization and monument building are usually performed for self-aggrandizement or to make the performers more secure in their present position and prerogatives. Great souls like Moses, Jesus, Lincoln, Socrates, Gandhi, neither build monuments, nor would seek them. No one has ever been worth canonizing who would not vote against it if he had a chance.

Which leads us to say that Florence Kelly some years ago popularized the right way to make note of the noteworthy! It was by use of the White List. She made it apply to clothes. The names of those stores and factories where clothing was made and sold under fair conditions appeared on a White List. All fair-minded people, thus it was intimated, would patronize the "fair." The appeal was to right a wrong by appeal to the consumer. Certainly a good and effective place. So, we are in the light of this suggesting the making of White Lists, when we start out to make honors, instead of building monuments. The White List is for the present, and would disappear after the occasion—which we regret to say is not true of monuments and canonization. Here are two White Lists we would suggest for a start. Make a list of nations that are unarmed, or partly so. Favor them in our sympathies, in our trade. There are Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Norway. Put them on our "favored" nations list. Of course America, Britain, France, Italy are in a kind of bandit class—they engage in exploitation on occasion. Show our sympathies accordingly. Another list would be of citizens who would refuse to kill. Claim for them a higher position in public esteem, on the ground that they are thinking and doing constructively all the time. They are not curdled with the kill-element, which makes men a menace to society. They are *alone* worthy to exercise the *full* franchise, as citizens, because full-orbed in powers.

(4) Mother Jones and Mr. Rockefeller. This is our fourth subject. One of the most striking spectacles in American life is that of the 91-year-old rich man in Tarrytown and the 100-year-old poor woman in Maryland. Their exchange of greetings just as they are passing over the River is dramatic. The whole scene makes one very tender and careful not to say anything harsh. Yet these two, the richest man in the world and the poorest woman in the world, as types of two classes in society, make a great American parable. The exchange of birthday greetings gives a glimpse of possibilities of industrial improvement. If there were birthdays enough to reveal that each was human—she was a lady, and he a gentleman—why, who knows what kind of solutions might spring forth? A rainbow of promise. It may be that in America, as it has been intimated by some, the men who had nothing to do but seek wealth will in the future serve the government, with the people owning all—that railroads, telegraphs, coal, oil, etc., will be taken over by the people, and then there will be no rich men, but men living on low salaries and high honors. If Mrs. Jones and Mr. Rockefeller could get together, this industrial democracy might come to pass. Can they? Mrs. Jones and Mr. Rockefeller describe—in a parable—the greatest of our economic problems.

Let us be plain and gentle! It looks pretty difficult. If we are to have a democracy, will not the "rich man" have to be eliminated. We do not for a moment hint at violence, against which we are in utter opposition. But, will not society have to be arranged so that there can be no rich men? Taking parallels in the realms of politics and religion: just as kings and popes are a contradiction to democracy, so is the capitalist a contradiction in industrial democracy. We look with disfavor upon kings and popes because they cannot breathe in the pure air of democracy. The same is true of capitalists. The "rich man" must go; that is, he must be absorbed, and become an integral part of the life of the people.

Jesus has made it difficult for kings, popes, rich men. The gulf between being good and being rich seems practically impassable—a "fixt" gulf. The only rich man to whom Jesus gave encouragement was the one who restored four-fold what had been wrongly gained, and gave half his goods to the poor. In modern times the dole and the income-tax may be pointing to the way of Jesus! And what are we in America to do to be saved? Exalt riches, and rich men? Quite the opposite! Instead, exalt the common man! Equality in opportunity and in distribution! All who strive to seize large salaries or exploit others to be degraded!

The "rich man" must go, for the same reason that the "king" must go—without these there is awaiting humanity a higher order of society, in which there will be neither Mother Jones nor Mr. Rockefeller.

It will be well for the American people to study closely the parable of Mother Jones and Mr. Rockefeller—or, How to solve the problem of the hired cottage in Maryland and the palace in Tarrytown. The problem does not require anger, violence, but reason, patience and good temper.

(5) The New York newspapers. For two years we have read the daily papers of New York with considerable regularity. We consider them the best, on the whole, in the land. In many respects, the best in the world! Even a poor paper is a daily miracle! We confess that newspaper reading rarely leaves one in an exalted, nor even optimistic, frame of mind. Probably, because they are the mirror of average humanity, on the surface. But, with all their brains, enterprise and avowed fairness, there are four ways of the New York papers which are beyond our understanding. These four ways of practically all the metropolitan papers are: (1) a clear bias against Prohibition; (2) a clear pro-British bias; (3) a clear anti-Russian bias; and (4) an eternal kicking, in most matters, against the Hoover administration. In these four rather major matters, these papers are unfair, and are leading a believing public—for where else can we go for facts—in directions that may spell calamity. Should anyone doubt these four observations, which to us are unexplainable, we should be glad to clip the papers for the past two months, or next two months, to reveal these four conundrums.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Parables of War and Peace

XVI

An Examination Paper

1—Benjamin Franklin said, "There never was a good war or a bad peace." Name one war in history that proves him wrong. (Too much time should not be spent on this question.)

2—It is commonly said, "There are worse things than war." Tell, in as many words as may be necessary, what some of these things are.

3—"Thou shalt not kill"—Sixth Commandment. Show how, in time of war, this Commandment doesn't mean what it says.

4—"Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also"—the Words of Jesus. Prove, on the basis of this text, that Jesus was not a non-resistant.

5—Armies and navies are maintained because the best way to secure peace is to prepare for war. Run through the last twenty-five hundred years of history and show how the nations that have had armies and navies are the ones that have never gone to war. (One good example will do, if the student finds it difficult to adduce others.)

6—Explain (a) why atrocities are always committed by the enemy; (b) why, in a battle fought with equal numbers and the same weapons, our losses are always slight and the enemy's "staggering"; (c) why conscription in the enemy's country is "militarism" and in our country is "selective service"; (d) why the enemy's aerial bombs always hit churches and hospitals, while ours invariably fall on fortifications, railway terminals and ammunition dumps. (Answers should be brief and to the point.)

7—Choose five of the following ten names and interpret their lives in the light of the Sermon on the Mount — Constantine, Charlemagne, Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Sherman, Von Moltke, Lord Roberts, Hindenburg, Foch.

8—(1) "The killing of Germans is a Divine Service" —Archdeacon Wilberforce. (2) "Bayoneting the enemy is serving God"—Pastor Schletter. Translate these two sayings into New Testament Greek, so that they will read, "Love your enemies."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

A Picture of Austria

[From Our Special Correspondent]

We are living in a little house in the suburbs of Vienna—a house not unlike an American home, atop a hill with the city spread out below us. We occupy the front part of the house. The owner, a tiny little Jewish woman approaching sixty, and her physician daughter occupy the back part. We have the sunny side, the kitchen and the bathroom. They have the northwind, a small bedroom and a large icy "best parlor." What goes on day by day in our house is a living drama of American waste versus Austrian economy.

When we first took up residence in the little house I found myself becoming more and more annoyed with what I considered intrusions upon my privacy. Even though I paid rent for my part of the house as well as the gas, heat and light, the owner, Frau Baur, trotted around after me like an overseer. If I left an electric light on in a room while I went for a few minutes to another room it was turned out for me. After the maid had fixed the fires in the stoves she went about to see if the right proportion of wood, coal and coke had been administered and regulated the drafts so the fires didn't burn too fast (or too warm). She never went to bed until we were all safely in. Then I could hear her poking about, seeing that the faucets didn't drip, that the gas was turned out at the base, that the stoves were burning properly and that the windows and doors and outside gate were well locked and no lights burning. By day I was the recipient of much free advice, i. e.,

that we wouldn't use so much gas on the hot water heater if I bathed the children together and in less water. That the stove in the dining-living room was sufficient for the day and the bedroom stoves need only be lighted towards evening to take the chill off the rooms. That the stoves would last better if we didn't open the windows at night. That the hall light wasn't really necessary. That my maid was very wasteful and needed more overseeing. And so on.

When we expect guests a doily is put upon the hall table and removed after they leave. The scanty supply of nicked china and nickel plated tableware is augmented on these occasions from a carefully guarded supply, the hiding place of which I have never been introduced to. Our bed linen looks like patchwork quilts so mended and remended is it, while the dishcloths are crazy quilts with no sign of the original foundation. On Thursdays the vacuum cleaner is ushered forth and the entire morning spent going over the rug in our living room. The maid is not allowed to touch the vacuum cleaner for fear she will break it. The little old lady works it herself, three hours, over and over the rug. It is an old rug, an imitation Oriental, but it is one of her treasures. So for an entire morning we are unable to use the most important room in the house.

But these things didn't bother me nearly so much as the keys. We live in a suburb, as I said before, which once upon a time was a summer resort for the Viennese. We are ten minutes by foot from the carline. Lovely country homes surround us and the beautiful Wienerwald, well policed, is almost at our door. If any place were safe from intrusion this surely ought to be. But first of all we have a concrete wall with a fence on top of it and a strong heavy gate into the garden. Even if one managed to climb over the locked gate there is always the *"Bissiger Hund"* to reckon with, and if anywhere in the world they breed fiercer and noisier dogs than in Austria I have yet to meet it. The house door has two locks. At first it had but one but the children lost a duplicate key in the village one day and Frau Baur didn't sleep nights until the locksmith had put in a second lock. Inside the house door is an iron gate and every room in the house is well supplied with keys. Personally I have always had an aversion to keys and leave everything unlocked, unwisely tempting servants to make off with my ten-cent-store pearls. Perhaps that is why Frau Baur's keys bothered me. She has perhaps fifteen on a key ring. They are large European keys and they jangle like those of a jail guard. Early in the morning I hear her bedroom door key clanking in the door as she comes out and clanking again as she locks the door after her. She goes down the stairs and unlocks the door to her "best parlor" and locks that after her. Five minutes later she may come upstairs again and lock herself in her bedroom. For some weeks there was only myself and children in the house. We had no maid—but the door locking and unlocking went on all day long. I knew she didn't suspect me of designs on that hidden silver and yet I was annoyed.

For the first weeks of our stay I had the assistance of the porter's wife, who lived in the basement, with my housework. When cold weather came and I had to have coal for the stoves Frau Baur warned me to keep the coal cellar key always with me.

"Is the porter's wife dishonest?" I asked.

"No, but one never knows," was the answer.

The day that the coal was delivered I shall never forget. "We must stand in the cellar entry with paper and pencil and count the sacks as the men bring them in," Frau Baur warned me. I had ordered some thirty sacks all told.

"But do the men steal?" I asked incredulously.

"Sometimes—one never knows," she replied.

"Well," I proposed, "I'll count the sacks on the wagon when it comes and go and have a look at it when it goes. Won't that be all right?" I was not for standing out in the cold checking up on fellow humans.

"Oh, but," Frau Baur countered, "they have clever ways of hiding, places you'd never suspect. Besides, it will be dark when they come and you wouldn't be able to see very well. But I can do it alone if you don't wish to."

It was coal for my stoves and I was paying for it. She had no interest except in saving me from being cheated. But I fear I didn't appreciate that generous motive. All my pent-up fire over the clanking keys and the constant suspicion and pinching rose up in me and I retorted unpleasantly to the effect that I should have thought she would be afraid to live in the midst of such a seemingly dishonest people.

All the same, I did as I was told, feeling like a slave driver, and counted the sacks. Thank heaven, the men seemed to expect it.

And then one day I heard her talking about the days of the famine. It was an unemotional account of the slow starvation, the bread lines, the meat lines, the lack of clothing. Her husband and daughter died in those dreadful years which are a nightmare to every Austrian. Suddenly I began to see through her eyes. This house in which we lived they built, husband and wife together, out of their savings. Frau Baur and her husband had our sunny front bedroom with its balcony overlooking all of Vienna and the hills beyond. They had a maid and the two daughters each had their own bedroom. They traveled some, they bought the precious rug and some bits of art, copies of the Italian masters, china, a Nürnberg carving. Frau Baur speaks Italian, French and English. She has worked hard for her culture, that is self-evident.

Then came the war, conditions getting worse and worse until finally there was not even cloth left for bandages. Then the famine; poverty thrust upon nearly every Austrian. Years of pinching and scraping and saving. Years of sorrow, personal and impersonal, the breadwinner dead, savings gone. The house left mercifully. Rent half of it to foreigners! That was Frau Baur's solution. She advertises with the American and English organizations in Vienna. It is an attractive house especially in summer. She has no difficulty getting tenants and usually they are Americans, doctors or musicians studying in the city. Modest people usually but, comparatively speaking, wasteful like us. They leave the lights burning, they sleep with the windows open so that the heat goes out of doors, they have desserts twice a day, they change the sheets once a week instead of once in three and they are utter spendthrifts with hot baths.

Frau Baur is perhaps not a typical Viennese. She is neither light-hearted nor gay but she doesn't complain. Yet her condition is typical of thousands of Austrians who once lived comfortably and with not too much thought of the morrow who now stint and scrape and rent their precious homes to foreigners. The keys don't irritate me any more. I have emerged from a

condition of annoyance to one of pity and perhaps of faint understanding. The bitter hard times are not yet over. That explains why old newspapers are hoarded and used by shopkeepers for wrapping parcels, why butter grew rancid on the shelves of dairy stores this winter because people simply couldn't afford such a luxury, why the street-cars go unheated in the bitterest weather and why shopkeepers don't turn on the lights in their stores until the customer enters. It explains why schoolrooms are so stuffy in cold weather, for airing them makes them too expensive to reheat again. It explains the fearful number of suicides which crept into the papers day after day all this year. We spoiled Americans have suffered so little and understand so little.

DOROTHY WALTON.

Vienna, Austria.

Nationalism in the East

The most significant phenomenon in the history of modern Asia is unquestionably the rise of the spirit of nationalism. Though of very recent growth it has come to exercise a portentous influence on the thought-life of the East and is ruling the minds of the younger generations as a religion. It is itself becoming a religion and a substitute for spiritual faith. The fervent love for the Unseen is giving place to a passionate love of country, and the old deities who had hitherto been the supreme object of veneration and worship are being replaced by popular leaders. Das and Sun have supplanted Vishnu and Tao, and their words and deeds are valued far more than the Vedic hymns and the Confucian texts. Nationalism indeed is entering into the blood and marrow of the people and becoming the most popular cult. Art, literature, and poetry are permeated by its spirit, and there is no department of eastern life and activity which directly and indirectly is not influenced or moulded by nationalism. One need only occupy himself with the immense amount of literature—books, pamphlets, magazine articles, essays, short poems—put out by indefatigable writers both in English and vernacular, and keep in touch with numerous movements which are sweeping over the continent, to realize how deep nationalism has penetrated into the depths of the eastern soul.

Nationalism was first quickened into life in India by the introduction of English secular education and the study of European history. The Indian mind was introduced to the literature and science of modern Europe and was fed upon the doctrines of nationality, freedom, and liberalism. The seeds thus sown on the fertile and congenial Indian soil ripened into a rich harvest, and a new class of Indians saturated with European ideas blossomed forth. Under the guidance of Allan Hume, an Englishman, they founded the Indian National Congress in 1885 to give expression to the aspirations generated in them by British political theories. The Congress passed resolutions asking for the admission of elected members to the Viceroy's executive council and local legislative councils, the discussion of budgets by such councils, the right to interpolate the executive, the creation of a standing committee of the House of Commons, the separation of judicial and executive functions, and a larger share in the administration of the country. Thus nationalism came into birth in India.

But it was not till 1905 that it became a real force in Indian life and began to influence considerable numbers of the people. The activities of the Congress were confined to the Western educated classes, and its ideas were cast in foreign moulds and were embodied in European experience and speculations. The majority of the people were practically out of touch with the Congress movement and were absolutely incapable of understanding the problems which it discussed and the reforms which it demanded in the government of the country. It was left for Lord Curzon and the victories of Japan over Tzarist Russia to bring nationalism to the fore and to stir up the popular imagination. The partition of Bengal aroused the intense feelings of the Bengalees, and the decisive battle of Mukden thrilled India to the core. A wave of patriotic frenzy swept over the country, and the stilled waters of Indian life were disturbed as never before. A cry of "India for the Indians" was sounded from Calcutta to Lahore, and *Bande Matram* ("Hail, Motherland") was chanted in schools, in colleges, in houses, in public squares, almost everywhere. It was thought that the era of European domination had come to an end and a new day of Independence for Asia at last had dawned. From that day nationalism became a vital force in Indian life and a passion with the younger generation. Motherland was raised to the rank of goddess and began to receive the homage of her sons and daughters. The real deity whom Indians now worship is Mother India; for her sake they are perfectly willing to forego material comforts, leisure, time, family relations, and even to sacrifice their lives. With the present day Indians the liberation and the unification of India is a religion, and the young are its apostles. They travel from place to place, from village to village, to carry the torch of liberty and the message of patriotism to the peasants and women of the country. Through the medium of the press, itinerant orators who traverse the land from one end to the other, the cinema, the theatre, the doctrines of nationalism are widely diffused and the people are summoned to respond to the call of the country.

Present-day Indian nationalism transcends all boundaries of race, creed, or religion, and welcomes into its fold Hindu and Mohammedan, Christian and Sikh, Bengalee and Punjabee, Sudra and Brahman, theist and atheist. National heroes are declared to be above all religion, social barriers, and the rules of caste. Those who render services to the Motherland, add to her honor, enhance her reputation, are revered no matter from what class, creed, religion or no-religion they may hail, and their words and deeds are cherished as a precious jewel. The distinctions won by Indians at foreign universities, the achievements of Jagdish and Ray in science, of Tagore and Sarojini in poetry, of Mukerjea and Tata in industry, and the sacrifice of the youth on the scaffold are all treasured to lay at the feet of the Mother and enrich her. The late Mr. C. R. Das is adored as a god and his orations are to the Indian what Fichte's *"Reden an die Nation"* are to the German. Gandhi is a saint (Mahatma), the reverenced and adored of all his people. Nationalism in India at present overshadows every-

thing else and is the supreme ruler of the Indian mind. Before its irresistible advance religion will go down, and it is destined to weld in due time the heterogeneous Indian nationalities into one composite whole.

Indian nationalism cannot be dismissed as the agitation of fanatics and vague dreamers. It is the expression of growing self-consciousness of one-fifth of the human race, who are learning to be proud of their past, of the traditions of Chandragupta, Asoka, and Akbar, who are passionately yearning for a larger life, who are demanding the right to make contributions to human civilization, and who are aspiring to a proud place in the family of nations. It is the revival of an historical tradition, the liberation of the soul of a people.

Nationalism in the new China has been carried to greater lengths than in any other Oriental country, not excepting India. Here it has essentially become a religion of the most fanatical type. Dr. Sun has been set up as a god, and his book, "The Three Principles for the People," has been consecrated as the Bible of Chinese nationalism. His portraits are hung on walls, kept in houses, meeting rooms, and clubs, and the Chinese bow before them as before the simulacrum of a saint. He is the supreme idol of the Chinese people, the supreme object of adoration. He has been virtually canonized. Every Monday morning services are held in his honor, and obeisance is made to his portrait. His parting message is read aloud, and for fifteen minutes a silent meditation is observed. His doctrines are declared to be the salvation of China not only by the Kuomintang Government but also by the Northern warlords. They are compulsory in the schools in the Nationalist territory not excepting mission schools. Those who do not subscribe to or accept them at their face value are branded as traitors to the country and are subject to the loss of property and even of life. It is injected into the Chinese mind that China has been robbed by the foreign devils of her territory, riches, honor, glory, and that her divine genius is eclipsed and crushed by brutal imperialistic domination which she must cast off in order to shine forth with redoubled radiance as the wonder and envy of mankind.

What we have to learn most from the West, (said a Chinese friend of the present writer) is its passionate patriotism. Such phrases as "America first," "hundred percent American," must connote the same ideas and carry the same meaning to us Chinese and Indians as they do to Americans. They must dominate our way of thinking and be the most important part of our being. We had better consign Buddha and Confucius to the waste basket and take Machiavelli and Treitschke as our teachers. We must love our countries above everything else and be ever ready to sacrifice what we hold dear to the nationalist cause.

The present is a time when the rising tides of nationalism and racial patriotism are surging on every hand in the East. The Eastern nations are being reborn and are coming into their own. This growing spirit of nationality and patriotism can no more be resisted than can the tides of the sea. The day when the West could dominate and control the destinies of the people of the Orient has passed. Japan has always possessed a spirit of proud independence and intense patriotism, and ever since she emerged from her isolation has bent every effort to secure recognition as the peer of any Western power. The same purpose is back of the political and social convulsion of China and India. China is firmly resolved to end forever the day when the Western nations can bully and despoil her. The provincial spirit is growing into a national spirit, and she is determined to make herself strong enough to control China for the Chinese. And India will not be satisfied until she has obtained complete independence and has become master in her own house.

DALJIT SINGH SADHARIA.

Remember Sacco-Vanzetti and Free Mooney and Billings

Sacco-Vanzetti

Sacco, Vanzetti!
Names that will not die
As long as revolution lives, as long
As scarlet banners flaunt the purple sky
And rebel voices lift themselves in song.

Sacco, Vanzetti!
Millions yet unborn
Will thunder in a freer land your praise,
Your judges names recalled with bitter scorn
Or else forgotten in those better days.

Sacco, Vanzetti!
Though you never sought to kill
And yet were tortured back of cruel bars,
The cause you stood for struggles on until
All dungeon cells gape empty to the stars!

HENRY GEORGE WEISS

We Are an Army Marching

We are an army marching with loyal banner and drum.
From prairie and turbulent city, from village and farm we come.
We have gathered the strength of the mountains. The force of the wind is ours.
We shall storm the gates of the mighty, the seat of the highest powers!
We are an army marching with loyal banner and drum.
From shop and mine and factory our fellow workers come.
And people of all the nations join from sea to sea.
We are an army marching
TO SET TOM MOONEY FREE!

LUCIA TRENT

To Sacco and Vanzetti

Brave, unforgotten souls,
Beacons of glory are your names
That hold your slayers still in dread.
The ruthless rulers mask their shames,
And tyrants, trembling, take their tolls,
Because you two are dead!

Three years ago our Christian laws
Burned from your bodies life's last hope;
But your spirits still like leaping flames
Light onward still a comrade-band;
For your suffering was not in vain,
Your Calvary made in every land
A comradeship of world-wide scope,
And brother hearts beat high again.
A million men have joined the Cause,
A million hearts now understand!

VINCENT BURNS

Free Mooney, Framed!

Against the workers massed, how long can frame-ups last?
For ours the stronger power.
They hold brave comrades fast throughout the present, past.
But watch the future tower!
(Not their, not mine, but OUR!)
When jails no longer glower
And unjust men all cower
And you, Tom Mooney, shall be free.
This is our pledge of loyalty,
Look up and see Tom Mooney free!

They frame our greatest men again, again, again.
Shall we stand idly by?
These droop within the pen—mere convicts now, but then—!
They nail our leaders high,
Each nail a purchased lie.
But shall our courage die?
No, you and you and I
Will work until free men once more
Mooney and Billings go out that door!

"And don't they frame us all?" the jobless millions call,
While they grow fat on plunder?
The sooty sky their pall, all crooks in power must fall,
All perjury go under.
Tear faith in them asunder!
Repeal their brutal blunder!
Now voice in human thunder
United working class demand
All governors must understand
However underhand;
Mooney and Billings free men stand!

RALPH CHEYNEY

Because They Stood for Labor

Reaction to the Mooney-Billings denouement, as finally disclosed by the California court decisions and Governor Youngs refusal to pardon, depends very largely upon the intelligence of the individual and his attitude toward the present social order. The revolutionary radical, bent upon the forcible overthrow of existing institutions, hails it with delight; the evolutionary radical, intent on gradually stepping upward and onward into the cooperative commonwealth, is disappointed and chagrined; thousands of trade unionists, with little economic understanding but conscious of the unjust conviction of the imprisoned men, doubtless are boiling with rebellion; class-conscious capitalists, aware of their present wealth and power, and their retainers and satellites, are felicitating themselves with glee; while the great majority of the people, ignorant of the issues involved, either are not interested or are wondering what it is all about.

No student of the political and industrial situation in the United States, particularly no informed man or woman familiar with California conditions, should be disappointed at the outcome of this celebrated case. The cohorts of capitalism in California and in the nation, believing themselves to be financially and politically impregnable, have virtually thrown discretion to the winds in their determination to have their way. Their domination of the winning political parties enables them to control the government and dictate its procedure, regardless of the candidates elected. Their monopoly ownership of the means of life gives them the leverage in keeping the people in economic bondage. Their power over the press, the pulpit, and the institutions of education and communication, by and through which public opinion is formed, completes the cycle of their strength. These factors constitute the massed phalanx behind which the beneficiaries of privilege operate and with which they seem determined to work their will.

It is unnecessary to recount the circumstances connected with the Mooney-Billings case. By the judge who tried it, by eleven of the twelve jurors who returned the original verdict, and by most of the principal state's witnesses who since have reversed their testimony, the frame-up of the case by the prosecution repeatedly has been demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of every unbiased investigator, as has the establishment and confirmation of the innocence of the two men charged with crime.

Possibly better than anyone, Governor Young knows Mooney and Billings to be guiltless of the Preparedness Day outrage. Like the present incumbent, the two governors who preceded him since the incarceration of the two labor men in San Quentin must know them to be innocent. This is a challenging impeachment of the integrity of the highest dignitaries in our political system, but it would seem to be fully warranted by the facts. Neither Governor Young, nor the other governors to whom the case was referred, if they wished to remain in public life, dared to render a decision contrary to the will of the political and financial masters of California. They had read history, and they knew what happened to Governor Altgeld of Illinois, who belatedly meted out justice to the surviving martyrs of Haymarket fame.

Lovers of liberty and worshippers at democracy's shrine are saddened and incensed at the refusal of the Governor to release the imprisoned men. Their conviction clearly was a travesty of justice and their continued confinement a damning indictment of institutions praised as free. While they remain in jail, let no American presume to criticize Britain's conduct in India or speak disparagingly of the Italian or any other dictatorship. Until Mooney and Billings are pardoned and recompensed, and until conditions which put them behind the bars are changed, this nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to democracy should adorn herself in sackcloth and ashes and hang her head in shame.

The Mooney-Billings case and others like it emphasize the fact that the workers of this nation have nothing in common with the masters of privilege, and that they can not expect relief at the hands of politicians whose interests are allied with plutocracy and whose activities are directed by the owners of the nation's wealth. Election to the governorship of any other politician on a platform pledged to maintain intact existing institutions will not and in the very nature of the case cannot succeed in giving these men their freedom. Only an awakened and aroused people, organized for a new struggle for freedom, with leaders whose proven lives are a guarantee of their uncompromising hostility to every form of injustice and exploitation, will or can win victory.

Lamentations and threats are worse than wasted. Our present order has won its usual triumph, while the common people, the workers, are temporarily de-

feated. But principalities and powers may come and go, dynasties rise and fall, civilizations become unremembered names, the workers of hand and brain endure. Their cause is as just as it is eternal, and in the end they must prevail.

For the people of America are not cowards. They simply do not know. Once they are acquainted with the facts of injustice and the causes of popular misery they will not hesitate to act, and that quickly and effectively. Millions of them now believe that Mooney and Billings are guilty as charged because their judgments are formed for them by the news and editorial agencies of capitalism, and they will continue to so believe until their minds are illumined with the truth. As to the cause of their present unemployment the overwhelming majority are blind as bats, and blind they will remain until their eyes are opened by political and social agitation.

What a job of sacrifice and devotion and unremitting toil lies ahead of intelligent and conscientious radicals, and what responsibility is their's for duty nobly done! GEORGE H. SHOAF.

The Study Table

Jews on the Land in Russia

Interest in the Zionist movement, the settlement of Jews on the soil of their ancient home in Palestine, is so great and absorbing that few people know that in Russia today there is a somewhat similar movement going forward for the settlement of Jews on the soil of the Crimea and the Ukraine. Zionism, of course, means the immigration of Jews of many different nationalities, cultures and languages into the Holy Land, and involves international problems of tremendous import. The Russian movement, in contrast, is wholly internal, and involves only the transportation of Russian Jews from the ghettoes of the city to the open spaces of the country. Zionism is fundamentally an idealistic adventure—the restoration of the Jewish homeland and the development of an ideal society in the spirit of the prophets. The Russian movement, on the other hand, is purely utilitarian—an attempt to save the Jews of Russia from miserable extinction.

For the plight of the Russian Jews in the midst of the Bolshevik Revolution has been one of the major tragedies of this world-shaking event. Of course the Jews have been released from the horrors of the Tsarist regime—there have been no pogroms under the Soviets! But their fidelity to their religion has been no help to them in their relations with the atheistic Communists, and their economic status has cast them altogether outside the pale of the new Soviet society. For the Jews in Russia are predominantly small traders, or artisans. Driven off the land and crowded into the narrow ghetto areas in the cities, they have had no way of keeping body and soul together save that of buying and selling. But it is buying and selling of just this kind—the extreme individualistic type of economic life —which is taboo in the new Russia. The Jews have by the fiat of government been driven out of that one field of social economy which they have made peculiarly their own. Their fault, be it noted, is not that they are Jews, but that they are owners of and traders in private property. There is no anti-Semitism at work here in the traditional sense of the word, but in its place has come a new anti-Semitism which is as definitely social as the old was definitely racial and religious.

The situation for years was cruel beyond words. Lenin's "new economic policy" (Nep.) eased the strain for a time, but in the end only aggravated it. Then came the proposal that the Jews, starving in the cities, should be taken out on to the vast spaces of the Russian steppes and made into self-supporting farmers. The government was glad to co-operate—they had no quarrel with the Jews as such, and they needed farmers. The Commissars therefore offered to give land and arrange for transportation. An American organization, generously financed, was to take charge of the undertaking, and see it through. So the movement began. And steadily in recent years the tide of Jews has flowed from the cities to the open areas of the Crimea and the Ukraine.

This book,* written by a New York newspaper woman, is the first account we have seen of the Jewish agricultural colonies in Russia. Miss Ross lived among the colonists for a year. She shared with them the cold of winter and the heat of summer. She saw the cruel labor of untrained hands upon stubborn soil, the harsh conditions of primitive life, the sufferings, heartaches and disappointments endured by a people, old and young, beginning life anew. Nothing is hidden in this account of what these Jewish settlers have had to go through, and are going through today. But much is revealed, also, of what they are triumphantly achieving—the fulfillment of the promise of freedom, health, happiness securely built upon the firm foundation of economic independence upon the land.

Miss Ross's book is written as a novel, in the form of a diary of one of the settlers. It is charmingly done—with vivid color, warm sympathy, and deep insight. Her story should have a wide reading, especially among our Jewish friends.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

An Essay in Church History

Canon Streeter has a way of speaking with authority. Whatever may or may not be said for the Church of England, one may always be sure that its parsons are, more often than not, scholars who really contribute to the theological universe. This particular reviewer confesses a genuine delight in reading theology, and on the list of Anglican modernists who bring out learned volumes, Canon Streeter's name stands as one who has made the amazing discovery that erudition may sometimes be shared with those who sometimes grow impatient of technical jargon.

"The Primitive Church"* is an essay in church history. The men who are working for Christian reunion find their chief stumbling block to lie in the fact that all of the sects follow the admonition of Ritschl to go back to Jesus and the apostles for the foundations of their order. Thus the Catholics—Anglican, Roman, Eastern—see episcopacy as the most primitive church order. The Presbyterians see the Council of Apostles as a presbyterial synod. And the Independents (Con-

*Bread and Love, by Betty Ross. Published by Modern Books, 103 Park Ave., New York. $2.00.

*The Primitive Church, Studied with Special Reference to the Origins of the Christian Ministry. By Burnett Hillman Streeter, D. D. (Edin.) The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

gregationalists we call them in America) are convinced that the ecclesiastical organization of the First Century resembled a New England conventicle. Now each of them is ready to burn his neighbors at the stake for the sake of establishing the truth of his variety of polity. Here Canon Streeter makes a bold suggestion. Is it not possible that the Primitive Church was an extremely loose affair, and that in its branches, scattered throughout the Roman Empire, there may be found traces of each of the three types of church government—Episcopal, Presbyterial, Independent? In other words, might not all three of the parties interested in the controversy be right? So the Canon says, "Indeed, if my hypothesis is correct, then, in the classic words of 'Alice in Wonderland,' 'Everyone has won, and all shall have prizes.'" That, at any rate, is the thesis of "The Primitive Church."

Ordinarily one thinks of Church History as a high, arid, semi-sacrosanct discipline. It was Harnack who shocked some tender sensibilities by intimating that Church History might be studied in the same way that any other type of history is read. He wrote a book to illustrate his point which he called by the formidable title of the *Mission und Ausbreitung des Christentums in den Ersten Drei Jahrhundert*. Out of that (there is an admirable English translation) this reviewer is tempted to recommend that everyone should read and know the chapter Harnack calls "The Gospel of Love and Charity." Canon Streeter has followed in the line of Harnack. He has succeeded in making church history interesting.

Roughly the book is landmarked by a series of dates, running from B. C. 27, when Augustus established the Empire, to the reign of Caracalla, A. D. 211-217. It endeavors to separate history and legend, glancing at the N. T. Apocrypha, the oral and written tradition, and the writings of the Fathers, which constitute the primary sources for our reconstruction of church history. As early as 311 A. D., the task of setting down a systematic history was undertaken by Eusebius. Eusebius, like Herodotus and Thucydides, for all that he loved a good miracle, really was a great historian. Unfortunately, however, Eusebius set the mode for church history; and between Eusebius and Streeter there is a great gulf fixed. The story of the early church is essentially a story of controversies. First and greatest was the one which settled the fate of Christendom. Was it to continue as an obscure Jewish sect, or was it to branch out and take in the Gentiles? By the time of the destruction of Jerusalem under Hadrian (135), when it was rebuilt as Aelia Capitolina, Ebionite, or Jewish, Christianity had burnt itself out. Christianity had become a going Gentile enterprise in the Graeco-Roman world. The controversies now turned themselves on the question of dogma and polity; and Christianity, despite the vigorous persecutions under Nero, had obtained for itself a reasonably sure footing in Rome itself. The movement went out from Palestine into the Mediterranean basin, and spread like wildfire in all directions. The Galilean had conquered.

From this point forth, the concern of the book is with the development of the orders of the ministry. The constitution and polity of the Church at Rome are meticulously examined, and the much mooted question of the precedence of the Roman bishop over his brethren in Alexandria and Antioch is studied with Dr. Streeter's thoroughness. Here we are traveling over material that is susceptible of a great many interpretations. The special interest of this problem is chiefly for our brethren of the Catholic persuasion; for us it can be interesting only as so much history. Of course it is tremendously important to ecclesiastical dignitaries to know precisely what their places shall be in the table of precedence; every well-informed Master of Ceremonies must know that a visiting Bishop must precede a Dean (which is an inferior position) in his own Cathedral. But the humor of the situation is lost when account is taken of the number of lives which were sacrificed in affirming and denying the supremacy of the Pope as the Vicar of Christ. Thus, taken all in all, it has somewhat more than historical significance to know whether or not, in the most primitive times, the Patriarchs of Jerusalem and Antioch and Alexandria took their orders from Rome.

What is the effect of the book? If its thesis is borne out, then the churches which are concerned with Christian reunion will have to work out an entirely new approach to the problem of reunion. If, as Streeter suggests, the origins of Christianity are in no wise to be regarded as uniform, and that there was no basic polity to be found as a constant element in the whole of the loose structure we call the Early Church, then the claims of exclusiveness of episcopal, presbyterial, or congregational origins of Christianity must fall to the ground. But it is hardly likely that Canon Streeter will succeed in convincing the Roman Church that the College of Cardinals and the whole Roman hierarchy were not somehow implicit in the teachings of Jesus. Nor could the Rector of St. Mary-the-Virgin, for instance, be convinced that the Anglican Church was not foreshadowed in the results of the First Seven Councils. Likewise these same councils might well be regarded as a Session of the Presbyterian General Assembly, or as a Congregational Association. Streeter's logic is convincing enough, but he will have a terribly hard time in persuading the Standing Order to revise its notions as to the divine origin of the churches.

Streeter is readable. Learned apparatus he uses, but it is done with the appreciation of the fact that the book is intended for a wider circle than that of professional students of theology. To us whose interest is frankly antiquarian, it is an extraordinarily valuable piece of work, in that it makes a wealth of material accessible to the general reader of good average information about such matters. To the liberals within the churches, it furnishes a mine from which can be quarried nuggets with which to prod those who are willing to listen to the sweet reasonableness of Streeter's position. But it is a book which can bring no word of comfort either to the traditionalists or the intransigents of the extreme theological left.

The book is called "The Primitive Church," and is presumed to come under the general head of church history. It might preferably be called, also, An Essay or Two at Conjecture. So many unanswered questions are put up for solution. . . . What, for instance, became of the Twelve Apostles? Thus the book begins; and, as the answer to the question, Streeter avers that legend is singularly active, and history is strangely silent. There are so many questions of this sort about the Early Church that are brought forth, and in his nimble manner, Canon Streeter suggests all sorts of solutions, all the time admitting that none of them are particularly historical, but that all of them are interesting. All of the problems that he raises indicate an

unusually adventurous turn of mind, and more than a mildly expressed wish on the author's part that the history of the first couple of hundred years of the Church were slightly less obscure. Streeter goes adventuring in a field where one man's guess is as good as the next man's: fortunately he has a somewhat better idea than many of his fellow adventurers as to what history might be. He steers a safe course between the Scylla of over-credulousness and the Charybdis of over-rejection.

"The Primitive Church" is well worth examination.

A. A. G.

Correspondence

August 27th—International Peace Day

Editor of UNITY:

As August approaches we are reminded of the day, two years ago, when the Pact of Paris was signed by the representatives of the fifteen leading nations of the world by which war was abolished "as an instrument of national policy." Since then it has been ratified by the governments of the signatory nations. President Hoover in the midst of a brilliant assemblage of statesmen and diplomats has proclaimed it to be in effect and other nations, fifty-eight in all, have announced their adherence to it. Hence this treaty is the supreme law of most nations.

The anniversary of August 27 thus becomes a day to be celebrated as International Peace Day by all advocates of peace. Last year it was observed in many places in Europe with appropriate and impressive ceremonies. This year word comes that its celebration is to be more general and widespread. Shall we, in whose country the pact originated, not evidence as much enthusiasm as the people of foreign lands?

Here is a day that symbolizes the world's exalted goal of universal peace. Let this be everywhere recognized and let us make special effort to celebrate it with appropriate exercises. If ministers of all denominations would preach on the Pact of Paris on August 24, the Sunday preceding Pact Day, people would be greatly helped to an understanding of that document and its magnificent possibilities.

I plead for the observance of this day because it becomes increasingly important as time goes on, for our citizens to give recognition to this supreme law and testify in every way they can their allegiance to it. It is clearly up to the people of all lands to encourage their governments and strengthen them in their efforts "to renounce war as an instrument of national policy." In no better way than this could patriotism be demonstrated.

On Pact Day let exercises be held in churches, club houses and other public places suitable for meetings to commemorate significant historical events. I believe the time will come when the date of August 27 will outrank in importance any national holiday of any country as this is the day for the whole world to rejoice that nations are to be freed from the dread shackles of warfare.

No village or community is too small to arrange some sort of celebration at which some seeds might be sown that would germinate to good purpose in the future. An indoor pageant would be an excellent thing to arrange; or a public parade with flags of different nations, flowers and banners having slogans—"Friendships, not Warships," "Law—Not War," "World Peace Our Aim," etc.—would be highly effective.

If now, from this day onward, governments *and people* do their duty by observing the law, the world will never again be the scene of another such carnage as disgraced and agonized it from 1914 to 1918.

The Women's Peace Society, 20 Vesey Street, N. Y. C., will hold a special Flower Sale on August 27, has excellent literature for use in the observance of that day which they will gladly send and make suggestions or answer letters of inquiry concerning arrangement of programs, etc. Also the National Council for Prevention of War has prepared a special collection of literature suitable for use in the observance of August 27. Will any interested person please write for a "Pact Day Package" (price 25 cents) to their headquarters: 532 Seventeenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.; or to their nearest branch office: 205 Sheldon Building, San Francisco, California; 612 Stock Exchange Building, Portland, Oregon; 526 South Fourth Street, Louisville, Ky.; 333 Bridge Street, Springfield, Mass.

LYDIA G. WENTWORTH

Brookline, Mass.

An Appeal for Mooney and Billings

Dear Friends of UNITY:

The decision of Governor Young and his commissioners in the Mooney-Billings case makes it imperative that we keep up the fight for the freedom of these two men, who have been so shamefully framed and convicted on perjured testimony. Every dollar that can be raised will help in the new attempts now being made by Mooney's lawyers to prove their innocence and force Governor Young to pardon both men. I know that the readers of UNITY share the generous interests that our editor, Mr. Holmes, has displayed in this case. If you can spare a dollar or more, please send it to me at 61 Huntington Street, Hartford, Connecticut, for our UNITY Fund for Mooney and Billings.

LUCIA TRENT.

[Note. UNITY heartily endorses this appeal and urges members of the UNITY family to respond.—Editor]

Democracy and Representative Government

Editor of UNITY:

At last I have found an editorial in UNITY from which I dissent.

You are shocked that Senators Walsh and Dill and Mrs. McCormick propose to be instructed, in their vote on the "wet" and "dry" question, by a referendum vote of their states.

The same doctrine is advanced in this editorial which the opponents of the initiative and referendum harped on for twenty years in their effort to prevent the adoption of the initiative and referendum in Ohio.

In proposing to let the people themselves decide some things we were told that we were substituting "gusts of popular passion" for representative government. This editorial has borrowed the over-worked epithets of that ridiculous hysteria against direct legislation.

You seem to agree with all those old reactionaries that the merit of representative government is that it becomes mis-representative whenever an opinionated member of a legislature disagrees with his constituents.

Democracy means to you apparently the election of allegedly superior men to do the thinking of the people for them.

Democracy to me is the divine right of the people to make their own mistakes. It is a school of the people in which the people grow to the degree that their responsibility is real.

Your idea of a good respresentative is one who high-hats the so-called mob, who tells these Mencken morons where to "get off."

I am fed up on that old stuff.

If a legislature voted for war and a popular referendum vetoed it, even you might be shouting that the voice of the people is the voice of God.

But when you think of the possibility of the people clamoring for war against their saviors, the representatives, the referendum idea disgusts you.

Democracy to me is more important than peace, and more important than Prohibition.

A journalist and Cincinnati public official argued with me against the referendum-on-war idea on the ground that the people would be sure to vote down even a good and desirable war, because they would be bent on saving their own skins and their own cash.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Statement of India

The Council of the Fellowship of Reconciliation in the United States has watched with deep concern the sharpening conflict in India between the British Government nad the Indian nationalists. A struggle of the intensity and proportions which this one threatens to assume, becomes of necessity a call to lovers of peace throughout the world to seek every means possible for the avoidance of violence and war and for the effecting of such mutual relations of justice, tolerance and good will as may overcome and finally eliminate the root causes of strife.

One of these causes in India, and elsewhere, is imperialism—the rule, or exploitation, of one people by another. As citizens of the United States we recognize the responsibility of our country for its share in the contemporary imperialisms of the world. We are engaged in a great economic struggle with Britain, and this exerts no inconsiderable pressure, we believe, on leaders of British life to hold their empire together. We acknowledge our share, therefore, in the guilt of an exploited India.

As citizens of the United States, we condemn unreservedly our own use of force and imperialism as expressed in our relationships with the Philippines, Haiti and Nicaragua, as well as the economically unsound and internationally pernicious tariff now under consideration. We invite others, irrespective of the country of their residence, to join with us in protesting against these and other violations of international brotherhood.

We believe in the solidarity of human-kind. We consider racial arrogance a deadly sin. We deny the right of any nation to conquer and exploit another. We therefore hold on principle that Great Britain has no moral right to maintain her rule in India except by the general consent of India's people, and we protest against the use of violence to maintain that control.

We believe that Mahatma Gandhi's rejection of the method of war and his valiant attempt to displace it with methods of non-violence, mark an epoch in the social advance of humanity. To his non-violent movement we give our definite support.

With regard to proposals for a conference we call attention to the facts:

(1) That Great Britain has made no offer of any conference which included with it amnesty for political prisoners, and that there can be no fair conference while one side holds the leaders of the other side in jail;

(2) That according to the testimony of George Slocombe, correspondent of the London *Herald* and New York *Times,* who visited Gandhi in jail, May 20th, Mr. Gandhi is even now prepared to recommend suspension of civil disobedience and cooperation with the round-table conference to meet in London, October 20th, provided three of his former eleven points are met and the rest left for future discussion.

The three essentials named by Gandhi are:

"First—The terms of reference to the round-table conference shall include the framing of a Constitution giving India the substance of independence.

"Second—Satisfaction shall be granted to Mr. Gandhi's demands for the repeal of the salt tax, for the prohibition of liquor and for a ban on foreign cloth.

"Third—Amnesty shall be accorded to prisoners convicted of political offences to coincide with the end of the civil disobedience campaign."

Mr. Slocombe concluded, "Negotiation is still possible. After my two meetings with Mr. Gandhi in prison, I am convinced that conciliation will be met by conciliation, but that violence on either side will never compel surrender."

The Council of the American Fellowship of Reconciliation feels strongly that British Labor is on trial. Mere diplomatic or parliamentary correctness of precedure is not enough. Immediate generosity of action alone can overcome the breach in mutual relations due to the one-sided constitution of the Simon Commission and recently repressive acts of the government.

We express our conviction that in the following of the principles of truth and non-violence will come the largest spiritual and material gains to both India and the British Empire, and, indeed to all the world. We therefore, urge members of the American Fellowship of Reconciliation, the British Fellowship of Reconciliation, the International Fellowship of Reconciliation and all people of good will everywhere to pray, to speak, to write, to work, that out of the present conflict in India there may arise a growing recognition of the power of these principles for the settlement of international strife.

—*The Fellowship of Reconciliation, New York City.*

Labor Sunday Message, 1930

(Prepared by the Commission on the Church and Social Service of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America)

Religion in a Machine Civilization

Religion today faces no more fundamental problem than that of expressing its faith and life, its ideals and its ethical principles in terms relevant to a society dominated by the machine. By out conquest of nature and our development of power and skill through the machine we have laid the foundations for general well-being such as the fathers had never dreamed of. But the belief that the mere increase in wealth would benefit equitably all portions of society has proved to be mistaken. The great industrial machine overcomes some limitations in modern society, but it accentuates others. It is still an open question whether our generation will develop the moral sensitivity and the social insight to operate the system we have created so that it will bless and not curse us. Our industrial civilization has developed with tremendous rapidity. Our modes of thought and our ethical ideas have not kept pace. To express our religious principles in terms of contem-

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He and you seem to tolerate democracy only on condition that it will decide things your way.

I dimly remember when I also felt that I and God were running the universe, and when I was burdened with a wisdom greater than these hundred million of voters and had to make their decisions for them. I have a merrier time in life now that I have become reconciled to their independence even of me or other inspired and infallible representaives.

Old Sam Adams made a speech to the very first Boston town meeting that sent representatives to the Massachusetts General Court, or state legislature. He announced then, in that very cradle of democratic representative government, a doctrine which has become my religion. He said to these representatives that on matters on which they knew the wishes of their constituents they were to be guided by them, but on other matters, on which their constituents had not spoken, they were to use their own best judgment.

A good representative in my judgment needs at least that much humility and respect for the known desires of the people from whom he has derived his power. This holier or wiser than thou attitude harks back to the days of kings.

HERBERT S. BIGELOW

Cincinnati, Ohio.

As Others See Us

Editor of UNITY: Your readers will doubtless be interested in the following clipping from *The Christian Leader:*

"We congratulate the Jewish Institute of Religion of New York City and its president, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, upon giving the degree of Doctor of Divinity to the Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

"Most people supposed that Dr. Holmes had the degree. We are not advised as to whether he has previously requested colleges not to give it to him or whether no institution has offered it. We are sure that he deserves it, and we are glad that he has accepted it from the Jewish Institute, only five years old but already a power in the educational world.

"Dr. Holmes is a mystical iconoclast, a constructive destructionist, a theistic humanist, a loving hater, and various other paradoxical things. He is a brave and lovable man, a unique figure in the American pulpit, wrong as often as he is right, and more useful when he is wrong than many of us are when we are right.

"We do not know what the degree of Doctor of Divinity will do to him. We suspect that it will not do anything except make him love Rabbi Wise and his Jewish friends a little more, if such a thing is possible. But we do know that he deserves it." J. M.

porary society is, therefore, particularly difficult and especially urgent.

The high productive capacity of modern industry has created wealth. But it has given us no answer to the problem of the distribution of wealth in accordance with the religious principles of justice and love. The wealth it has created has flowed in undue proportion into the hands of those who own the machines. Moreover, profits in stocks have been so large that they excited a speculative mania among investors and tempted a very large proportion of our people to hope for gain where they had made no corresponding contribution to society. While in the fall of 1929 the fever of speculation overreached itself and resulted in disaster it cannot be said that any large number of people have through this experience become sensitive to the ethical problem involved.

Profits, Speculation and Unemployment

Large profits, which prompted the speculation mania, were taken from industries which have, except in rare instances, made no adequate provision for neutralizing the harmful effects of the machine system on the lives of the workers. The high productivity of the machine has confronted America with the problem of technological unemployment. It has made the competitive struggle more intense and has tempted many manufacturers, in the fever of competition, to disregard ordinary prudence in production. It has thus multiplied the evils of so-called over-production and consequent unemployment. Furthermore, machine production by transferring skill from the worker to the instrument has placed a premium upon youthful stamina rather than the experience of age. The result is that middle-aged men find it increasingly difficult to secure employment and men over 55 find it equally difficult to hold positions. No more serious charge can be made against our generation than that it has been socially so blind and morally so callous that it has been unwilling to divert sufficient profits of modern industry to store up reserves for the protection of the unemployed and the security of the aged. It has insisted on the rights of property to dividends but has concerned itself too little with the rights of workers to security of employment and to protection in old age. As a result millions who have a just claim upon industry have been forced to accept the bread of charity and multitudes have been thrown as public charges upon the resources of municipalities and states. Moreover, a constant army of unemployed workers imperil the living standards of those who have employment by increasing the competition of workers for jobs.

A recognition on the part of society in general and of industry in particular of its obligation to offer willing men a chance to work and reasonable security of employment must lead inevitably to the acceptance of the principle of unemployment insurance and old age pensions. It may not be the business of the church to define the application of this principle in specific terms. But every dictate of religious imagination and common sense forces us to accept this social obligation and to urge those in positions of responsibility to work out its practical applications.

An Economic and Religious Problem

Nor can sincere men who take seriously the application of their religion to contemporary life escape the problem of eliminating unemployment as well as mitigating its evils. When this problem is faced it becomes immediately apparent that we have so-called over-production not because everyone in our society possesses what he needs, for there are manifestly many families which have not achieved a minimum subsistence standard of living; but because we have not been able to distribute the wealth which industry creates, with sufficient equity to give many of our workers the opportunity of consuming a reasonable share of the total products of industry. While the reduction of hours of work per day and work days per week may help to alleviate the unemployment situation, the economic problem of so-called over-production can not finally be solved except by securing a more equitable distribution of the ever increasing wealth created by the machine. It may not be in the province of the church to suggest detailed plans for the consummation of this end. But any ethical view of society which does not take this problem into consideration is unrealistic and unredemptive.

Any spiritual and ethical view of life which does not deal with this obvious problem of social justice which modern industry has created can manifestly maintain neither its own self-respect nor the respect of society. To deal with such a problem requires every resource which religion and education can develop. Religion must develop the moral will to right the social wrongs of our particular age. Education must develop in people who desire to lead the good life the imagination and insight to know what is implied in the religious life today. The church has resources and obligation for both the religious and educational aspects of this problem.

There is no short cut to the kingdom of God. Increasing social and economic complexity makes increasingly difficult the realization of Jesus' ideal of a society in which eminence is achieved by the greatest service. Yet we face no insoluble problems. Genuine spiritual consecration and social intelligence are equal to the tasks which confront us. It is plain that the church must give itself with new vigor and humility to its divinely appointed task of calling men to repentence that they may see the selfishness of their ways, and of guiding their feet on the way to the city of God.

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